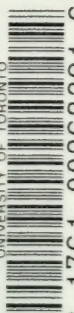


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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

## Robin Hood

*Date of earliest known original edition* . . . c. 1561—9

[B.M. c. 21, c. 63]

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 102]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Robin Hood

C. 1561—9

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18/5/14

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIV





## Robin Hood

C. 1561—9

*This play, from apparently a unique original in the British Museum, is preceded by "A mery geste." The full title is, "A mery geste of Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of pastyme."*

*William Copland (see D.N.B.) was located in 1561 "in the Vyntre upon the Three Craned Warfe," and died between July 1568 and July 1569: these times thus approximately fix the date of issue.*

*Another edition was issued c. 1610 by Edward White, a copy of which, according to Greg, is in the Bodleian, who, however, makes no mention of another example formerly, according to Hazlitt, in the Huth library, who remarked that it was (1867) "the only copy known."*

*Sir Sidney Lee's article on Robin Hood (see Hood) in "The Dictionary of National Biography" should be consulted.*

*The reproduction of this play is satisfactory.*

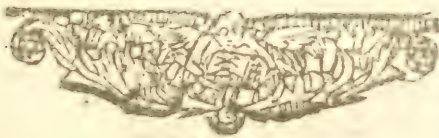
JOHN S. FARMER.



# 20 A mery gelle of

Robyn Hoode and of hys lye, wyth  
a newe playe for to be played  
in Maye games very ple-  
saunte and full of passyme.

¶ (..)



Here beynneth a lyttell ge'e  
of Robyn hode and his mery  
men, and of the proude  
Shryffe of No.  
tyngnam.

**T**he and lytten gentyl men  
That be of fre borne blode  
I shal you tel of a good yeman  
Hys name was Robyn hode  
Robyn was a proude outlawe  
whyles he walked on grounde  
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one  
was netter none yfounde  
Robyn stode in Bernisdale  
And leued hpon a tree  
And by him lytle John  
A good yeman was hee  
and also dyd good Scathelocke  
and muche the mylners sonne  
There was no enche of hys body  
But it was worthe a grome  
Than bespake hym lytel John  
all vnto Robyn hode  
Mayster if ye would dene betyme  
it would do you muche good  
Than bespake good Robyn  
Godrue I haue no lust  
I'll I haue some holte baron  
Or lone ynkeheth gest  
That may paye for the best  
Or some knyght, or some squyer  
That dwelleth here by well

agood







A good maner then had Robyn  
 Inlande where that he were  
 Euery daye or he wold dyne  
 Thre masses woulde he here  
 The one, in the worlthyp of the father  
 The other of the holy ghoſte  
 The thyrde was of our dere ladye  
 That he leued of all other moſte  
 Robyn loued our dere lady  
 For doubte of dedly synne  
 Woulde he neuer do company harme  
 That any woman was in  
 Maister then ſayde lytell John  
 And we oure boorde ſhall ſprede  
 tell vs which we ſhall gone  
 And what lye we ſhall lye  
 where we ſhall take where we ſhall leue  
 where we ſhall abyde behynde  
 where we ſhall robbe, where we ſhall reue  
 where we ſhall beate and bynde  
 Therof no ſor ce ſayde Robyn  
 We ſhall do well ynough  
 But loke ye do no huſbande man harme  
 that tyllith with the plough  
 No more ye ſhall no good yeman  
 that walketh by grene wood ſhawe  
 Ne no knyght ne no ſquyre  
 That moulde be a good felowe  
 theſe byſhoppes and theſe Archebyſhoppes  
 ye ſhal them beate and bynde  
 the hre ſmyrte of Notyngham  
 hym holde in your mynde

Thys worde shal beholde sayd lytle gowd  
And this lesson shal we lere  
It is farrre dayes god sende vs a gell  
That we were at our dynere  
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn  
Let muche wende wyth the  
And so shall wyllyam Scathelocke  
and no man abyde wyth me  
Nowe walke ye vp huto the Sayle  
and so to watyng strete  
and wayte after some vnketh gell  
By chauncelome may ye mete  
Be he Earle or any Baron  
abbot or any knyght  
Byng hym then to lodge to me  
Hys dyner shal be dryght  
They went anon into the Sailes  
these yemen all thre  
They lokyd East they lokyd west  
they myght no man see  
but as they lokyd in bernisdaile  
By ademe strate  
then came thre a knyght rydyng  
Full soone they gan hym mete  
all droulli than was his semblaunce  
and lytle was hys pryde  
Hys one foote in the styrope stode  
That other wauid besyde  
Hys hode haged ouer hys eyes two  
He rode in synple arap  
a seruer man than he was one  
Rode neuer on sommers day

Arttell







Letell John was curteyse  
and set hym on his knee  
welcome be ye gentyl knyght  
welcome are you to me  
welcome be thou to greene wood  
Hende knyght and free  
My master hath abyden fastyng  
for all these houres thre  
who is your master sayd the knyght  
John sayde, Robyn hode  
He is a good yeoman sayd the knyght  
Of hym haue I harden muche good  
I graunt the he sayd with you to wynde  
My brethren all thre  
My purpose was to haue dyed to day  
at Blythe or Bancastrye  
For th then went that gentyll knyght  
with a carefull chere  
the teares out of his eyes rane  
And fell downe be his leere  
They brought hym vnto the lodge doore  
whan Robyn gan hym see  
full courteysle ded of his hoode  
and set hym downe on his knee  
welcome for knyght than sayd robyn  
welcome thou art to me  
I haue abyden fastyng for  
all these houres thre  
Than answered the gentyll knyght  
with wordes fayre and free  
God the saue good Robyn  
and al thy fayre menye

they washed to gether and wyped bothe  
And set to theyr dyner  
B:cad and wyne they had ynough  
and nombles of the dere  
Swannes and felaunt es they had full good  
and foules of the ryuere  
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde  
that euer was spred on bzere  
Do gladly syr knyngt sayd Robyn  
Gramer cy syr sayd he  
suche a dyner had I not  
Of all these wekes thre  
yf I coule agayne Robyn  
Here be this countree  
as good a dyner I shall the make  
as thou hast made to me  
I thanke sye knyght then said Robyn  
My dyner when I haue  
By god I was neuer so grede  
My dyner for to craue  
But pay or ye wende sayde Robyn  
We thynketh it is good ryghte  
it was neuer the maner by worthy god  
a yeman to paye for a knyght  
I haue nought yf my cofers sayd the knyght  
That I may p:ofet for shame  
Lyttel John go lokesayd Robyn hoode  
Ne let not for no blame  
Tel me trithe sayd Robyn  
So god haue parte of thee  
I haue more but .x.s. sayde the knyght  
So god haue parte of mee

if thou





If thou haue no more sayd Robyn  
 I wyll not one peny  
 And yf thou haue nede of any more  
 More I shall lende the  
 Go nowe forth lytle John  
 The truthe tell thou me  
 if there be no more but ten shyllynges  
 Not any penny that I fe  
 Lye tell John spred downe his mantell  
 Full sayre vpon the grounde  
 and there he founde in the knyghtes cofer  
 But etien halfe a pounde  
 Lye tell John let it lye full stell  
 and went to his master full lowe  
 What ydynges John sayd Robyn  
 For the knyght is true  
 Full of the best wyne sayd Robyn  
 The knyght shall begynne  
 Much wonder thynketh me  
 Thy clothyng is so thynne  
 Tell me one worde sayde Robyn  
 and counsaill shall it be  
 I trowe thou were made knyght of force  
 Or els of yemanre  
 Or yls els thou haste by a sorowful hande  
 and lyued in stroke and stryfe  
 an of erer or els a lechour sayde Robyn  
 With whos half thou ledde thy lyfe  
 I am none of them sayd the knyght  
 By god that made me  
 an hundreth wynter here before  
 Myne aunsetters knyghtes haue be

But



But oft it hath befall Robyn  
A man hat he disgrate  
But god that sitteth in heauen aboue  
May amende his state  
Within twoo or three yereers. Robyn he sayde  
Foure hundreth pound of good money  
Full well then myght I spende  
Now haue I no good sayd y knight  
But my chyldren and my wyfe  
God hath shopen such an ende  
Eyll god it amende  
In what maner saede Robyn  
Hast thou lost thy ryches  
For my great tolly he sayde  
and for my kyndenes  
I had a sonne forsothe Robyn  
that should haue bene my heyre  
whcn he was twentye wenters old  
In frelde would iust full fayre  
He leue a knyght of Lancasthyre  
and asquyer boide  
For to saue him in his ryghe  
My goodes both set and solde  
My landes beset to wedd Robyn  
Untyll a saturdayn day  
to a ryche abbot here helyde  
Of saynt Mary abbay  
what is the some sayd Robyn  
Truth then tell thou me  
Syr he sayd foure hundreth pound  
the abbot tolde it to mee

Now





Now and thou loie thy innē sayde Robyn  
What shall fall of thee:  
Hastly I wyl me buske sayd the knyght  
Quet the salte sea:  
And se whete Chyrlt was quche and deade  
On the mount of Caluere  
Farewell frend and haue good day  
It ma no better bee  
Teares fell oute of his eyes twoo  
He would haue gone his waye  
Farewell frendes I haue good day  
I haue no more to pay  
nhere by thy frendes sayd Robyn  
Syr neuer one wyl knowe mee  
Whyles I was tithē ynow at whom  
Great bolle that would they blow  
and now they runne away fro mee  
as beastes on arowe  
They take no more hede of me  
Than they neuer me saue  
For ruthe than wedyt I ttel John  
Scathelocke and Wyche also  
Fyll of the bell wyne sayde Robyn  
For here is a temple chere  
Hast thou any frendes sayd Robyn  
Thy borrowes that wyl be  
I haue none sayd the knyght  
But god that dyed on a tree  
Do away thy iapes sayd Robyn  
Therof wyl I ryght none  
wettell thou I haue god to borrowe  
Peter Paule or John

May by him that made me for to be a knight  
And hope both sunne and moone shall be  
I find a better bozow than I have  
Or myn getteste thou none  
I have none other sayd than myn  
The sothe for to saye  
But it be our deare Lady  
She sayeth me neuer of this  
By dere worthy god sayd Robyn  
To seche all England thow be  
yet found I never to my paye  
a muche better bozow  
Come now for the better John  
and go to my treasoure  
and bring me my houndreth pound  
and loke it well to be  
forth than me as yet John  
and Seathelocke went before  
He tolde out four hundred pound  
By eyghten score  
Is this well said I tell  
John sayd what groweth the  
it is almes perhaps a gentel knight  
that is fall in pouer is  
Hailier than saide I tell John  
His clothing is full of hennys  
ye must geue the hennys  
To wrappe his body therein  
For ye haue scarles and grene  
and muche ryche aray  
Here is no marchaunt in myr Englands  
So ryche I dare well say

take







Take him thie perdes of every colour  
 And loke that well mete it be  
 Lettell John take none other mesure  
 But his bowe tre  
 And of every handfull that he met  
 He lepte ouer footes thre  
 What the deuis to apere said Metel Suche  
 Thinkelle thou to be  
 Scathe locke stode full til and laught  
 And sayd by god almyght  
 John may geue him the better mesure  
 By god it cost him but light  
 Myster laide yt tell John  
 All vnto Robynhode  
 Ye must geue that knight an horse  
 To lede home at this good  
 Take him a gray couerler said Robyn  
 And a sable neele  
 He is our ladies messenger  
 God lende that it be trewe  
 and a good palfray sayd yt tell Suche  
 to mayntayn him in his right  
 and a payre of hoves sayd Scathe locke  
 For he is a gentill knight  
 what shal thou giue hi yt of John said Robyn  
 For a payre of gon spore shete  
 To pray for all this company  
 God blyng him of tene  
 whan shall my daye be sayd the knight  
 For and your wyll be  
 This day twelue myneth sayd Robyn  
 Under the grene wodette

B.ii.

It were

It were great shame sayd in ovyr  
A knyght alone to ryde  
Withouth Squire yeoman or page  
To walke by hys syde  
I shall the rude lytle John my man  
For he shall be thy knane  
In a yeman: these he may stande  
If thou great nede haue.

¶ The seconde bytte.

**N**OWE is the knyght gone on his way  
This game he thought full good  
When he looked on Bernisdale  
He blessed Robin hode  
And when he thought on Bernisdale  
On Scathelocke Suche and John  
He blessed them for the best company  
That ever he in came  
Then spake the gentyll knyght  
To lytel John gan he saye  
To morowe I must to yorke towne  
To saynt Mary abbay  
And to the abbot of that place  
Foure hundred pounde I must paye  
And but I be there vpon thys nyght  
My laude is lost for aye  
The abbot sayde to his couerter  
There he stode on grounde  
this day. xii. monethes came there a knyght  
And borrowed foure hundred pounde  
On all his lande and fees  
But he come thys vtheday  
Disserited shall he be,







It is full early sayd the pypour  
 the day is not yet farre gone  
 I had leuer to pay an hundredth pounde  
 And lay it downe anone  
 the knyght is farre beyonde the sea  
 In Englande is his right  
 And suffereth hunger and colde  
 and many a soze nyght  
 It were great pittie sayde the pypour  
 So to haue hys lande  
 and ye besol yght of your conscience  
 ye do to hym muche wronge  
 thou art euer in my beede sayde the abbot  
 By god and saynt Richard  
 with that came in a fatte headed monk  
 The hygh seclerete  
 He is dead exchanged sayd the monke  
 By god that bought me dere  
 and we shal haue to spend in this place  
 foure hundredth poundes by yete  
 the abbot and the hergh seclerete  
 Sterte furth ful holde  
 the highe Iustise of Englande  
 the abbot there did holde  
 the high Justice and many mo  
 Had taken into their hande  
 Hely al the knyghtes det  
 to put that knyght to wronge  
 they demed the knyght wonder so  
 the abbot and hys meynye  
 But he come this like day  
 Dp herited shal be he

He wyl come yet sayde the iustice  
I dare well undertake  
But in so do he sente to them all  
The knyght came to the gate  
Than bespake that gentyl knyght  
Untyll hys menye  
Howe put on your simple webes  
That ye brought fro the see  
they came to the gates anon  
the porter was redy him to  
And welcomed them every chone  
welcome syr knyght says the porter  
Mynde to meate is he  
And so is many a gentylman  
For the lord of the castle  
the porter swore a full great othe  
By god that made me  
Here be the best cootes house  
that ever yet sawe  
Lede them into the stable he saide  
that eated myght they be  
the shal not ebe theri sate  
By god that dyed on a tree  
Lords were to meate  
In that abbottes house  
the knyght went for  
And saluted them greet and full  
Dy gladly syr abbot sayde the knyght  
I am come to hold my daye  
the first worde that the abbot spake  
Hast thou brought me my daye  
At one penny sayd the knyght  
By god





By god that hath made me  
thou art a shrewd detour said þe abbe  
þy iustice dymme some  
what dost thou here said the abbe  
But thou haddest brought thy pai  
For god than sayde the knight  
to desyre you of a longer day  
thy day is broke sayd the iustice  
Land gettest thou none  
Howe good syr iustice be my friend  
and defend me from my feye  
I am hold W þe abbe said þe iustice  
Bothe with cloth and fee  
Howe good syr thyrle be my frende  
May for god sayde he  
Howe good syr abbe be my frende  
For thy curtesy  
and holde my landes in thy handes  
Eyll I haue made the gre  
and I will be thy true seruant  
and truly serue thee  
till he haue foure hundred þousand  
Of money good and fere  
the abbe swore a full greate othe  
By god that dyed on a tree  
Get the lande where thou may  
For thou gettest none of mee  
By dere worthy god sayd þe knight  
that all this world hathought  
But I haue my lande agayne  
full dere it shal be bought  
God that was of a mayden borne

all

Sende



Hende vs well to spede  
For it is good a assaye a frende  
Or that a man haue nede  
the abbot lothly on then gan loke  
Out he sayde thou false knyghte  
Spede the ouste of my hall  
thou lyest thā sayd þ gentyll knyghte  
Abbot in thy hall  
False knyght was I neuer  
By god that made vs all  
Un than stode that gentyll knyghte  
to the abbot sayde he  
to suffer a knyght to lyde so long  
thou canst not surteply  
In iustes and in tournement  
Full farre then haue I be  
And put my selfe as farre in pfele  
as any that euer I see  
What wyl þe gyue more sayd þ iustis  
and the knyght of all meke a telete  
and elles dare I sabelie sweare  
ye holde neuer þe lande in peace  
an hundreth pounde sayd þ abbot  
the iustis sayd gyue hym the do  
Ray by god sayde the knyghte  
ye get ye it not soo  
though ye would gette a thousande more  
yet were thou neuer the more  
Shall there neuer be myne heye  
abbot iustis nestere  
He sterte him to a bourde anon  
till a table rounde







and there he shoke out a bagge  
Euen foure hundreth pounde  
Haue here thi golde syr abbot said the knyght  
Whiche that thou lentest me  
Haddest thou bene curteis at my commyng  
I would haue rewarded thee  
The abbot late sylly and cate no more  
For all hys royall chere  
He cast his head on his shulder  
and fast gan to staire  
take me my gold agai sayd þ abbot  
Syr Justice that I toke thee  
Not a penny sayd the Justice  
By god that dyed on a tre  
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe  
Now haue I hold my day  
Now I shall haue my land eageyne  
For ought that you can say  
The knyght flet out of the doze  
away was al his care  
and on he put his good clothinge  
the other he left there  
He went him for the ful meri siging  
as men haue tolde in tale  
His Lady met him at the gate  
at home in Wexfordale  
welcome my lord he sayd his Lady  
Syr lost is al your good  
Be mery dame sayd the knyght  
and pray for Robyn hood  
That euer his soule be in blyste  
He holde me out of tene

El.

Rehad

He had not be his kyndnesse  
Beggars had we ben  
The abbot and I accorded ten  
He serued of hyg pay  
The good yeman lent it me  
As I came by the waye  
This knight than dwelled sayre at  
the soke for to saye home  
Till he had got four hundreth pound  
All redy for to paye  
He purchaied him an hundreth bowes  
the stringes were well dyght  
an hundreth shefts of arrowes good  
the hedes burnyshed full bryght  
and euery arrowe an ell longe  
with peacocke well dyghte  
and nocked were with white silk  
It was a semely syght  
he purueyed hym an hundreth men  
well harneysed in that stede  
and him selfe in that same sute  
and clothed in whyte and rede  
He bare a lance gay in his hande  
and a man ledde his mule  
and rode with a light song  
Unto Fensdale  
as he wot by a brig was a brallig  
and there taried was he  
and there was all the best yeman  
Of all the west countrey  
a ful fayre game ther was vnto  
a white bull by ppyght







A great courser with saddle and byrle  
 with golde burnished full bryght  
 A payre of gloues, a read golde ryng  
 a pyper of wyne in good fay  
 what man bereth him best ywys  
 The pyce that beare away  
 There was a yeman in that place  
 and best worthy was he  
 and for he was fayre and frend besed  
 yllayne he should haue be  
 The knyght had ruth of this yeman  
 In place where that he stode  
 He said y yeman shold haue no harme  
 For the loue of Robyn hode  
 The knyght pressed into the place  
 an hundreth folowed him in fere  
 with bowes bent and arrowes sharpe  
 For to shend that compayne  
 They sholdreth and made hym come  
 To wete what he would say  
 He toke the yeman by the hande  
 and gawe hym all the playe  
 He gawe him siue mark for his win.  
 There it lare than on the medle  
 and had it should beset abroche  
 and drinke that who so would  
 Thus long taried this gentil knight  
 Till that playe was done  
 So longe abode Robyn fastyng  
 the houres offer none

**T**he thyrde lytle

L.ii.

**L**yth and lyften gentyll men  
 Al that now be here  
 O lytell John that was the knyghtes man  
 Good mythe ye shall heare  
 It was vpon a mery day  
 That yonge men would go shute  
 Lyttell John set his bowe anone  
 And sayde he would them mete  
 Thre tymes lytel John shot about  
 And alway cleit the waunde  
 The proude Myrre of notingham  
 By the markes gan stande  
 The shirife swore a full great othe  
 By him that dyed on tree  
 This man is the best archere  
 That euer I dyd see  
 Say me thou wight yonge man  
 What is now thy name  
 In what countrei thou wast borne  
 And where is thy winnig wane  
 In holdernesse I was borne  
 I wys al of my dame  
 Men call me Reynold grenelefe  
 Whan I am at home  
 Say me Reynold grenelefe  
 Wylt thou dwell with me  
 and euery yere I wyl the gye  
 t twenty marke to thy fee  
 I haue a mayster said lytel John  
 a curteis knight is he  
 Wy ye get leue of hym, the better may it be  
 The Myrre gate lytell John

**Cwelve**





Twelue monethes of the knyght  
 Therfore he gaue to him anone  
 a good horſe and a wyght  
 Now is littel John þe herpſes man  
 He geue vs wel to ſpede  
 But alway thought lytell John  
 To quete him wel his mede  
 Now ſo god helpe ſayd lytell John  
 And be my trwe lewte  
 I ſhal be the worſt ſeruaunt to him  
 That euer he had yete  
 It befall vpon a wedneſday  
 The ſhyrpe ouhunting was gone  
 And lytell John lay in his bed  
 And was forget at home  
 Therfore he was faſtyng  
 Cyl it was paſt thencone  
 Good ſyr ſteward I pray thee  
 Geue me meate ſayd lytell John  
 It is to long for grene leſe  
 Faſting ſo long to be  
 Therfore I pray the ſtewarde  
 My dyner geue thou mee  
 ſhalt þe neuer eat ne diſk ſayde þe ſte-  
 warde Cyl my lord becom to town  
 I make miſe auow to god ſaid littel  
 John I had lete to crack thy crown  
 the buttler was ful vncurties  
 There he ſtode on flore  
 He ſtert to the buttrery and Tiet faſt the doore  
 Lytell John gaue the butler ſuche a rappe  
 His backe yede nygh into

Who helpeeth an hundredth wynter  
the worse he should go  
He spurned the doze with his fote  
It went vp well and fone  
and there he made a large hyttcray  
Both of all and wyne  
Syth yewyl not dyne sayd litel John  
I shall geue you to dyne  
and though ye lue this hundredth wynter  
Onlytelle John shall ye thenke  
Lytell John eat and also dronke  
the whyle that he would  
the shyryfe had in his kechin a coke  
a stouite man and a holde  
I mak mine a uow to god sayd þ coke  
thou art a shrewed hyne  
In an houtholde for to dwell  
For to aske thus for to dyne  
and there he lent lyttel John  
Good strokes thre  
I make myne a uowe said lytel John  
these strokes do lyke wel me  
thou art a bold man and a hardy  
and so thinketh me  
and oz I passe fro this place  
asayde better shalt thou be  
Lytell John drewe a good sworde  
the coke toke a nother in hande  
they thought nothyng to flee  
But stydy for to stande  
there they fought sore together  
two myle way and more







Myght neyther other har me done  
the moun: chaunce of an houre  
I make myne anowe to god said lytel John  
and by my trewe lewte  
thou art one of the best sworde men  
that euer yet saue I me  
Coudest thou shote as wel in a bowe  
to grene wood thou shouldeste with me  
and.ii. tymes in þy pere thy clothing  
Chaunged it shoulde be  
and euery pere of Robynhode  
twenty marke to thy fee  
Put vp thy sworde sayd the coke  
and felowes wyl we be  
than he set to lytel John  
the nombles of a Do  
Good bread and ful good wyde  
they ate and ranke ther to  
and whan they had dronken well  
their trouthes together the plyght  
that they would be with Robyn  
that yke same day at nyght  
they hied them to the treasor house  
as fast as they myght gone  
the lockes that were of good stele  
they brake them euery chone  
they toke a war spluce vessel  
and all that they myght get  
Peces masers and spones  
would they non forget.  
also they toke the good r:nce  
thre hund:eth ponde and thre  
and

And hyed the drepyght to Robyn hode  
Under the grene wodetree  
God the saue my dere mayster  
And Chyrt the saue and se  
And thou sayd Robyn to lytle John  
Welcome thou art to me  
And so is that good yeman  
That thou hast brought wyth the  
What tydinges from Notyngham  
Lyttell John tell thou me  
Well the greteth the proude thyrtse  
He hath send the here by me  
His cope and his syluer vessell  
And thre hundred pound and thre  
I make mine aduow to god sad robin  
And to the trynete  
It was neuer by his good wyll  
this good is come to me  
Lyttell John hym bethought  
On a shrewed wyle. v. myle in the forest he ran  
Hym happed at his wyll  
than he met the proude thyrtse  
Huntynge with hound and horne  
Lyttell John coude his curtesyse  
and kuele hym before  
God the saue me dere mayster  
and Chyrt the saue and se  
Reynold grenclefe sayd the thyrtse  
where hast thou now be  
I haue now be in this forest  
a fayre syght can I se  
It was one of the fayrest sightes

that







That euer yet saue I me  
 ponder I le a ryght fapre harte  
 Hys coloure is of grene  
 Seuen score dere vpon a yerbe  
 We wyth hym all bydene  
 Hys trades he so sharpe mayster  
 Of sixty and well mo  
 that I durst not fote for drede  
 Lest they would wileflo  
 I make myne anowe to god sayd the shyryle  
 that syghte would I fayne se  
 Buske the thyderwarde my dere mayster  
 Anone and wende with me  
 The Shyrife rode and lytel John  
 Of fote he was full mart  
 And whan they came afoze Robyn  
 To here is the maister harte  
 Seyl stode the proude shyryle  
 a soyr man was he  
 wo worth the Reynolde grenelesse  
 Thou hast now betrayed me  
 I make mine anowe to god said lytel John  
 Maister ye be to blame  
 I was myserued of my dyner  
 whan I was with you at home  
 Soone he was to sorperse  
 and serued with syluer whyt  
 and whan the Shyrife saue his vessel  
 For sorowe he might not eat e  
 Make good chere sayd Robyn hode  
 Shyrife for charitie  
 And for the loue of Ihu xpi

D.i.

Chp

thy lyfe is graunted to the  
When they had slipped well  
the day was a gone  
Robin commaunded lytel John  
to drawe of his hosen & hys hose  
His kirtel and his cote a pye  
that was furred well and syne  
And take him a grene mantell  
To lappe his body therein  
Robin commaunded his wight yemen  
Under the grene wood tree  
They shall lye in that sorte  
that the shryffe might them see  
Al nyght lay that proude shryffe  
In his breche and in his therre  
No wonder it was in grene wood  
Eho his sydes do smarte  
Make glad sayd Robyn hoods  
Shryffe for charitte  
For this is our order pyys  
Under the grene wood tree  
This is harder order sayd þe shryffe  
Than any ancre or scere  
For at the golde in mery Englande  
I would not dwell longe here  
All these twelve monethes sayd Robyn  
Thou shalt dwell wyth me  
I shall the teache proude shryffe  
An outlawe for to be  
Or I here another nyght lye sayd the shryffe  
Robyn noble I pray the  
Smyte of my head rather to morne

And





And I forger it thee  
Let me go than sayd the thy:ple  
For saynt charitie  
And I wyl be the best frende  
that euer yet hadye  
Thou shalt sweare me an othe said  
On me bright brande, (Robyn  
thou shalt neuer wayte me that the  
By water nor by lande  
and if thou fynde any of my men  
By nyght or by daye  
Upon thine othe thou shalt swere  
to helpe them that thou may  
Now hath the shirife swor his oth  
and home began to gone  
He was as ful of grene wood  
as euer was any man

¶ The fourth booke.

**T**he berise dwelled in no ligh  
He was saynt he was gone  
and Roben and his mery men  
went to wood anone  
So we to dynner sayd lytle John  
Robyn sayde nay  
for I drede our lady be wroth w me  
for he sent me not my pay  
haue no doubt maister said lytel John  
yet is not the sunne at rest  
for I dare say and safely swere  
The knyght is true and trust  
Take thy bow in thy hande sayd Robyn  
Let Duchesse wende with thee



And so shall willyam Scathe Locke  
And no man abyde with me  
And vp into the sayles  
and to watlyng strete  
and loke for some stränge gell  
By chaunce you may them mete  
whether he be messengere  
Or man that myrthes can  
Or if he be a poore man  
Of my good he shal haue some  
For th than sterte yf tel John  
Halse in fraye and tene  
And gyrd him w a full good swerde  
Under a mantell of grene  
They went than vnto the Sayles  
These yemen all three  
They loked East they loked west  
Thei might no man see  
But as he loked in Barnisale  
By the hye waye  
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes  
Eche on a good palfrey  
Than bespake yf tel John  
To muche he can saye  
I dare lay my lyf to wedde  
That these monkes haue brought our pay  
Make glad chere sayde yf tel John  
And bende we our bowes of ewe  
And loke your harte bespake and sayd  
your strynges trusty and trewe  
The monke hath but .iiij. men  
and seuen sommers full stronge

There







There rydeth no byshop in this lande  
 So royall I vnderstande  
 Bretherne sayd lytell John  
 Here are no more but we thre  
 But we hyng them to dyner  
 Our master dare we not se  
 Bende your bowes sayd lytell John  
 Make you yonder pisse to stande  
 The for most monke his lyfe and his deeth  
 Is closed in my hande  
 Abyde chorle monke sayd lytel John  
 No ferther that thou gone  
 If thou doest by dere worthy god  
 Thy death is in my hande  
 An euell thyft on thy head sayd lytell John  
 Ryght vnder the hattes bonde  
 For thou hast made our maister wroth  
 He is fastyng so longe  
 What hyght your maister sayd the monke  
 Lytell John sayd Robyn hode  
 He is a strong thefe sayd the monke  
 Of him herd I neuer good  
 Thou best than sayd lytell John  
 And that shall sore rewe thee  
 He is a yeman of the forrest  
 To dyne he hath hode thee  
 Muche was ready with a bowe  
 Redy and a none  
 He set the monke tofore the best  
 To the ground he gan gone  
 Of two and fifty wyght yemen  
 There abode but one

Some

Satte a lytle page, and a grome  
 To lede the somers with litell John  
 They brought the monke to the looge dore  
 Whyther he were lothe or lese  
 For to speke wyth Robyn hode  
 Gauger in their feth  
 Robyn dpyd downe his hode  
 The monke whan he did se  
 The mynke was not so curteysle  
 His hode than let he be  
 he is a churl maister by dere worthe  
 Than sayd lytel John (god  
 therof no force sayd Robyn  
 For curteysle can he non  
 How many men sayd Robyn  
 Had this monke John  
 ffty and two. whan that we met  
 But many of them begon  
 Let blowe we an horne sayd Robyn  
 that felowshyppe may vs knowe  
 Seuen score of wyght yemen  
 Came pryskyng on a rowe  
 and euery he of them a good mātēl  
 Of scarlet and of rape  
 all they came to good Robyn  
 to wete what he would saye  
 the made þ monke to walshē a wypp  
 and syt at his dynere  
 Robyn hode and lytel John  
 They serued them bothe in fere  
 So gladly monke sayd Robyn  
 Gramarcy syz sayd he  
 where







Where is your abbay when ye are at home  
and who is your arowe  
Maynt Mayr abbay said the monke  
though I be semple here  
In what assyze said Robyn  
Syn the hye Selet ere  
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn  
So mote I thyrue or the  
Fyll of the best wyne said Robyn  
this monke shall drinke to me  
But I haue great marvel said robin  
Of all this long day  
I drede our Ladye be wroth with me  
She sent me not my pay  
Haue no dought maister said yt ell  
you nede not so to saye (Tohu  
this mōke hath brought it I dare wel  
For he is of her abbay (were  
She was a borewe said Robyn  
Betwene a knyght and me  
Of a lytel money that I hym lent  
Under the grene wood tree  
and if thou hast that syluer broughte  
I pray the let me se  
and I shall helpe the eft agayne  
If thou haue nede of me  
the monke swore a full great othe  
wyth a soyr there  
of the borow hode thou spekest to me  
Herde I neuer ere  
I make mine arow to god said Robyn  
Monke thou art to blame

For god is holde a right wise man  
And so is his dame  
thou toldest with thine owne tongue  
thou mayest not say nay  
How thou art her seruante  
and seruest her euery day  
And thou art her messenger  
My money for to pay  
therfore I do the thanke  
thou art come at thy day  
What is my lord to day sayd Robyn  
true than tell thou me  
Syr he sayd twenty marke  
So more I thpyue of the  
If there be no more sayd Robyn  
I wyl not one one penny  
If thou hast nebe of any more  
Syr more hall I lende thee  
and if I fyne more sayd Robyn  
y wys thou halt it for gone  
For of thy spendynge syluer mony  
therof I wyl haue none  
Go nowe forth I tell John  
and the tynche tell thou me  
If ther be no more but tweti mark  
No penny that I see  
Lytell John sayd his mantel down  
as he had done before  
and tolde out of the mynkes male  
Eygth hundreth poundes and more  
Lytell John let it lye full syl  
and went to his maister in hall





By he sayde the monke is true nowe  
 Our lady hath doubled your cost  
 I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn  
 Monke that tolde I the  
 Duclady is the trust woman  
 That euer yet sounde I me  
 By dere worthy god sayd Robyn  
 To seche al england throuwe  
 yet sounde I neuer to my pay  
 A muche better worowe  
 fil of the best wine & do him drinke sayd robyn  
 And greate well thy ladye hende  
 And if she haue nede of robyn hod  
 A frende she shal hym fynde  
 ad she haue nede of any moze syluer  
 Come thou agayne to me  
 And by this token he hath me sent  
 She shal haue suche thye  
 the monke was going to Lodd ward  
 there to holde great mote  
 the knyght that rode so hy on horse  
 to bringe him vnder fote  
 whether he ye away sayd robyn  
 By to Marz in this lande  
 to reken with our reiters  
 that haue done muche wrong  
 Come nowe for the ytell John  
 and herken to my tale  
 a better yeman I knowe none  
 to seke a monkes male  
 and what is on the other courteser sayd robyn  
 the sothe we must se



By our lady sayd the monke  
 That were no curtesye  
 To bydde a man to dyner  
 and sythe hym bete and bynde  
 It is our olde maner sayd robyn  
 To leue but litell behynde  
 The monke toke the horse with spote  
 No lenger would abyde  
 aske to drynke than sayd robyn  
 Or that ye farther ryde  
 Nay for god than sayd the monke  
 We rueth I came souere  
 For better chepe I myght haue dyned  
 In Blythe or Dankestere  
 Erete well your abbot sayd Robyn  
 and your pryncer I you praye  
 and byd him send me suche a monke  
 To dyner euery daye  
 Now let we that monke be styll  
 and speke we of that knyght  
 yet he came to holde his day  
 whyle that it was lyght  
 he did him streyght to Bernisdale  
 Under the grene wood tree  
 and he founde there Robyn hode  
 and all his mery meyne  
 The knight light fro his good pallcay  
 Robyn tohan he can se  
 right curteply he did a downe his hode  
 and set him on his kne  
 God the saue good robyn hode  
 and al thys company

weelcom







Welcome be thou gentyl knyght  
 And ryght welcome to me  
 Than bespake him good Robyn hoode  
 To that knyghte so fre  
 What nede driueih the to greene woode  
 I pray the syr knyght tell me  
 And welcome be thou gentyl knyght  
 Why hast thou be so longe  
 For the abbot and the hye Iustyce  
 They would haue had my lande  
 Hast thou thy land agayne sayd Robyn  
 Truthe than tell thou me  
 ye for god than sayd the knyght  
 and thanke I god and the  
 But take no grefe sayd the knyght  
 That I haue be so longe  
 I came by a wofull ynge  
 and there I dyd helpe a poore yeman  
 with wronge was put behynde  
 Now by my trowth than sayd Robyn  
 For that knyght thanke I the  
 what man that helpeth a good yeman  
 his frende than wyl I be  
 Haue here .cccc. poundes then said the  
 The which he lent to me (knyght  
 and there is also my marke for your cur  
 Ray for god sayd Robyn (tesye  
 Thou broke it well for aye  
 For our lady the her high selevere  
 Hath sent to me my paye  
 and I would take it thysle  
 a shame it were to me

But truly gentyl knyghte  
Welcome thou art to me  
And whan robyn had tolde his take  
He laughed and made good chere  
By my trueth than sayd the knyght  
your money is ready here  
Broke it well sayd robyn  
Thou gentyl knight so free  
And welcome be thou gentill knyghte  
Under this trally tre (robyn  
But what shall these bowes do sayde  
And these arrowes sethered tre  
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght  
A poore present to thee  
Come now forth lytel John  
My wyll done that it be (poundes  
Go and fetch to me foure hundreth  
The monke ouer folde it me  
Haue here foure hundreth polunde  
Thou gentyl knyght and true  
And bye the a hoise and harnes good  
and gylt the spourres all newe  
and i thou faile any spendeng  
Come to tobyn hode  
and by my trueth thou shalt none faile  
the tabyles I haue any good  
and broke wel thy.iiii.hundred pound  
whiche I dyd lende to the  
And make thy selfe no more so bare  
By the counsayl of me  
thus then holpe him good robyn  
the knyght of all his care







God that sytteth in heauen hye  
Graunt vs wel to fare

The sefth sytte.

**N**ow hath the knight his leue take  
And wente him on his waye  
Robyn hode and his mery men  
Dwelld styll full many a day  
Lyth and lytten gentyl men  
and her ten what I shall saye  
How the proude shryffe of Notinghā  
Dyd crye a full fayr playe  
That all the best archyrs of y North  
Should come vpon a daye  
and they that shote al of the best  
The best shall bere awaye  
He that shoteth al of the best  
furthest saye and lowe  
at a payre of goodly buttres  
Under the grene wood shawe  
arvght good arwe he shall haue  
The Case of syluer whyte  
the head and fethers of riche red gold  
In Englande is none lyke  
this then herde good Robyn  
Under his trusty tree  
Make you ready you wyght yemen  
that shotyng wyl I see  
Buske you my mery yemen  
ye shall go with me  
and I shall knowe the shryffes say the  
true and if he be  
when they had their bowes ybende

E.iii.

Their arrowes fethered free  
Seuen score of wight yemen  
Stod by Robyns knee  
Whent they came to shooting hard  
The buttes were laye and langed one  
Many was the bolde archers  
that shot with bowes stronge  
there shall but syr Hote with me  
the other shall kepe my heade  
And stand with godd bowes bent  
that I be not decepted  
the forth buttawehis bow can bend  
And that was roben hode  
and that behelde the proude shytte  
all by the butte as he stode  
thise Robyn hos a boie  
And alway he clefte the wanders  
and so dyd good Gylbert  
with the lylly white hande  
Lytel John and godd Stratheloches  
were archers good and free  
Lytel Melch and godd Repnoldes  
the worste would they not be  
whan that they had Hote abond  
these archers laye and good  
Euermore than was the best  
Forsoth good Robin hode  
to him was deliuered the good arrowes  
For best worthy was he  
He toke the good fuller ten shyl  
to grene wood than would he  
they cryed out on Robyn hode





and great hornes gan the blowe  
wo worthe the treason sayd Robyn  
full euyl thou art to knowe  
and wo be thou, thou proude hirise  
Thus chering thy gest  
another pryncple thou made to me  
within the wyld forest  
But and I had þ in the grene forest  
Under my trusty tree  
thou shuldest me leue a better wed  
Than thy trewe lewte  
full many a bowe there was bent  
And arrowes let they glyde  
Many a kyrtel there was rent  
And hurte many a syde  
The outlawes shote was so strong  
That no man myght them dyspue  
and the proude hirises men  
they fled a way helyue  
robyn sawe the bushment to broke  
In grene wod he woulde hane be  
Many an arowe ther was shot  
amonge the company  
Lytel John he was shot ful sore  
wyth an arowe in the knee  
that he might neyther go nor ryde  
It was full great pitie  
After then sayd lytel John  
If euer thou loues me  
and for that ylike lordes loue  
That dyed vpon a tree  
and for the medes of my seruyces



That I haue serued the  
Let neuer the proude chirife  
alyue nowe to synde me  
But take out thy browne sworde  
and smite thou of my head  
and giue me woordes to worde longe  
that I after eate no breade  
I would not sayd Robyn  
John that thou were slayne  
For all the golde in uery England  
though I had it all by me  
God forbyd that sayd lytel Much then  
that dyed on a tree  
that thou shouldest lytell John  
Depart our company  
Up he toke him on his backe  
and bare hym well a myle  
At my atyme he layde him downe  
and shote another a whyle  
Then was there a faire castell  
a lytle within the wood  
Double dyched it was aboute  
and walled by the rood  
and there dweled that gentyl knyght  
Sp. Rycharde at the Lee  
That Robyn had ten hye good  
Under the grene wood tree  
In he toke good Robyn  
and all hye company  
welcome be thou Robyn hood  
welcome art thou me  
I do the thankes for thy comfort







and for thy curtesye  
 and for thy great kindnes  
 Under the grene wood tree  
 I loue no man in al the world  
 So muche as I do thee  
 For all þ proud hyrlyfe of Rosynghā  
 Right here shalt thou be  
 Shutte the gates & drawe the byrde  
 and let no man come in  
 and arme you well & make you redy  
 and to the wall ye wyne  
 For one thyng Robyn I the hote  
 I swere by saynt Quintine  
 thou shalt these .x. dayes abide w<sup>th</sup>  
 to suppe, eate a duffe (me  
 Bordes were laid & clothes were spred  
 Redye and anone  
 Robyn hode and his mery men  
 To meate gan they gone

**¶ The sixte tytte.**

**L**ythe and lyften gentyl men  
 and herken vnto the songe  
 Howe the proude Shirife began  
 and men of armes stronge  
 Full fast came to the hye Shirife  
 the countrey hy to route  
 and they beset the knightes castell  
 The walles all aboute  
 the proude Shirife loude can crye  
 and sayd thou traytoure knyght  
 Thou kepest there þ kinges enemies  
 agaynll the lawes and ryght

Syr I wyll allow that I haue done  
The dedes that here be dyght  
Upon all the laudes that I haue  
As I am true knyght  
Wende forth syrs on your way  
and do yeno more vnto me  
Tyll you wete our kynges wyl  
what he wyl say to the  
the shryfe thus had his answer  
withouth any lesyng  
Forth he went to London towne  
All for to tell our kyng  
there he told him of that knyght  
and eke of Robyn hode  
and also of the bolde archers  
That noble were and good  
He wolde allow that he had done  
to mayntayne the out lawes strong  
he wold be lord & set you at nought  
In all the North lande  
I wyll be at Notingham sayd þe king  
within this fourte nyght  
and take I wyll Robyn hode  
and so I will that knyght  
Go home thou woude shryfe  
And do as I the bydde  
and orderne good archers ynow  
Of all the wyde countre  
the shryfe had his leue ytake  
and went him on his way  
and Robyn hode to grene wode  
Upon a certayn daye

And







and yfcel John was hole of the arrowe  
 That shot was in his kne  
 and did him streyght to Robyn hode  
 Under the grene wood tree  
 Robyn hode walked in the forrest  
 Under the leues grene  
 The proude Shirife of Nottingham  
 Therfore he had great tene  
 þe Shirife ther he fayled of Robyn hode  
 He might not haue his praye  
 then he awayted that gentyl knyghte  
 Both by nyght and by daye  
 Euer he awayted that gentyl knyghte  
 Syr richard at the Lee  
 as he went on hauking by þe riuer side  
 and let his hauke flye  
 to be thre this gentil knight  
 with men of armes stronge  
 and lad him home to Notighā warde  
 ybound both foote and hande  
 the shryfleswore a full great othe  
 By him that died on a tree  
 He had leiler then an hūdreth pounde  
 that robin hode had he  
 then the lady the knyghtes wife  
 a fayre lady and free  
 She set her on a good palfray  
 to grenewood anone rode shee  
 when she came to the forrest  
 Under the grene wood tree  
 there found she Robyn hode  
 and all his fayre meny

God thy true good robyn good  
 And all thy company  
 For our deere ladies loue  
 A bone graunt thou ma  
 Let thou neuer my wedded lord  
 Shamfully slayne to be  
 He is fast bound to Notingham warde  
 For the loue of the  
 anone than sayd good Robyn  
 to that lady fre  
 What man hath your lord ytake  
 The proude shirife than sayd she  
 He is not yet passed thre myles  
 you may them ouer take  
 Up than starte good Robyn  
 as a man that had be wode  
 But ke you my mery yemen  
 For hym that dyed on a tree  
 And he that this sorowe forlaketh  
 By hym that dyed on a tree  
 And by him that al thinges maketh  
 No lenger shall dwell with me  
 Soone ther were good bowes ybente  
 Mo than seuen score  
 Hedge ne dytche spared they none  
 that was them before  
 I make mine auowe to god sayd Robyn  
 the knight would I sayne see  
 and yf ye he may him take  
 yquite than shall he be  
 and whan they came to Notingham  
 they walked in the strete

And





and with the proude thirte wyys  
 Soone gan the mete  
 Thyde thou proude thyrpe he sayd  
 Thyde and speake with me  
 Of some tydinges of our kinge  
 I wolde saye here of the  
 Thys seuen were by dere worthy god  
 Ne yede I so fast on fote  
 I make myne auowe to god þy proude  
 That is not for thy good      Thirte  
 Robin bente a good bowe  
 An arrow he drew at his wyll  
 He hyt so the proude thyrpe  
 Upon the grounde he lay full still  
 And o he might by arpe  
 On his fet e to stande  
 He smote of the thyrpes head  
 With hys bright bronde  
 Lye thou there thou proude thyrpe  
 Full may thou thryue  
 there might no man to the trust  
 the whyles thou wast alyue  
 His mē drew out ther bright swordes  
 that were so sharpe and kene  
 and layde on the thyrpes men  
 and dryued them downe by dene  
 Robyn stert to that knight  
 And cut into his bande  
 And toke him in his hande a bowe  
 and bade him by him stande  
 Leue thy horse the behyrnde  
 and learne for to renne

Thou shalt with me to grene wode  
Throug myre molle and sene  
Thou shalt with me to grene wode  
wythout any leasyng  
tyll that I haue get vs grace  
Of Edward our comely kynge

The. vii. fyfte.

**T**he kyng came to Nottingham  
with knightes in great aray  
For to take that gentyll knight  
and Robin hode if he may  
He asked them of that countrei  
After Robin hode  
and after that gentyll knyght  
that was so bolde and fronte  
whan they had tolde him the case  
Our kynge vnderstode their tale  
and ceased in his hande  
The knightes landes all  
all the countre of of Lankestyre  
He wend both farre and nere  
Tyl he came to Plumpton parke  
He sayled in any of his dere  
ther our kynge was wont to se  
Herdes many a one  
He could vnneth fynde any dere  
that bare any good horne  
the kyng was wonder wrothe withall  
and swore by the trinitie  
I would I had Robin hode  
wyth eyes I might him see  
and he þ would smite of the knightes

(heade







And brynge it to mee  
He should haue þ knyghteslandes  
Syr Rycharde at theyle  
I geue it hym with my charter  
and seale it with my hande  
To haue and holde for euer more  
In al mery Englande  
than bespake a fayre old knyght  
that was true in his fay  
a mylge lord the kynge.  
One worde I shall you say  
there is no man in this countrey  
May haue the knyghteslandes  
Whyle Robin hode may ride oz gon  
And beare a bowe in his handes  
that he ne shall lose his heade  
that is the best ball in his hoode  
Giue it to no man my lord þ kynge  
that ye wyll any good  
Halfe a yere dwelled our cōly kyng  
In Nottingham and well more  
Could hy not here of Robyn hoode  
In what countre that he were  
But alway went god Robyn  
By halte and eke by hyl  
And all way stode the knynges dere  
and vled them at hys wyll  
than bespake a proude fostere  
that stode by our knynges kne  
If ye wyll se good Robyn  
you must do after me  
Take liue of the best knyghtes

That

That we be in your lede  
and walked downe by your abbay  
and get you monkes wede  
and I wyl be your lodes man  
and lede you on the waye  
and or ye come to Nottingham  
my heade then dare I save  
That ye shall mete with good Robin  
On lyue yf that he be  
or ye come to Nottingham  
with eyes ye shall him see  
Full hastily our kyng was dyght  
So were his knyghtes fyue  
They were all in monkes wede  
and hasted them thither blythe  
our kynge was great aboute his cole  
a brode hat on his crowne  
Right as he were a vbot lyke  
They rode vp into the towne  
Styffebotes our king had one  
Forsothe as I you saye  
He rode syngyng to grene wood  
The couent was clothed in gray  
His male horse and his great samers  
Followed our kyng behynde  
Tyl they came to grenewood  
a mile vnder the lynde  
There they met with good Robin  
Standinge by the waye  
and so dyd many a bolde archere  
Forsothe as I you saye  
Robyn the kynges horse







paucely in that neede

And saio syr abbot by your leue

a whyle you must abyde

we be pemen of this forell

Under the grene wode tree

We leue by our kynges dere

Ether lyfthanne not we

And ye haue churches & rectes both

and good full great plente

Geue vs some of your spendyng

For saynt charite

Than bespake our comely kyng

anone than sayd he

I brought no more to grene wode

But four ty pound with me

I haue layne at Nottingham

This fourtenight with our kyng

and spend I haue muche good

On many a great lordyng

and I haue but fourty pounde

No more than haue I me

But if I had a hundreth pounde

I would geue it to the

Robyn toke the fourty pounde

and deliude it than did he

Halfe he gaue to his mery men

and had them mery to be

Full curteously Robyn gan say

Syr haue this for your spendyng

We shall mete an other day

Gramercy than sayd our kyng

But well the greteth Edward our kyn

G.i.

He hath

He hath sent to the his laefe  
and biddeth the come Nottingham  
Both to meate and to mele  
He toke out the brode seale  
and soke he let me se  
Bot in could his curtesye  
And set him on his knee  
I loue no man in all the world  
So well as I do my kynge  
welcome is my lordes seale  
and monke for thy tydyng  
Syr abbot for thy tydynges  
to day thou shalt dyne with me  
For the loue of my kynge  
Under my treky tree  
For he had our comely kyng  
Full fayre by the hande  
Many a dere ther was slayne  
and full fast was dyghtande  
Robyn toke a full great horne  
And loude he can it blowe  
Seten score of wight yemen  
Came runnyng on a row  
All they kneled on their knee  
Full fayre before Robin  
The kyng said him selfe vntill  
And swore by saint Austyn  
Here is a wonder semely syghte  
We thynketh by goddes pene  
His men are more at his tydyng  
Than my men be at mine  
Full hallap was their dyner dyght





And therto can they gone  
 They served our kyng with all theire  
 Both Robin and lytel John (might  
 anon befoze our kyng was set  
 The fatte benyson  
 The good whit bread & good red win  
 And therto the fyne ale brotune  
 Make good chere sayd Robin  
 Abbot for charitie  
 And for this plike tydyng  
 Blessed may thou be  
 Nowe shalt thou se what lyfe we lede  
 O: that thou hence wende  
 than thou maiest ensourm our kyng  
 whan ye together by lente  
 Up they sterte all in hast  
 theire bowes were smartely bente  
 Our kyng was neuer so fore agast  
 He wende to haue ben shente  
 Two yerdes there werd by set  
 therto can the gange  
 Bo frosty space our kyng sayde  
 the markes were to longe  
 On euery syde a rose garlande  
 the shot vnder the lyne  
 who so faileth of the rose garland said  
 Hes takyll he shal tyme      Robin  
 And yelde it to his aniller  
 Be it neuer so fayne  
 For no man wyll spare  
 So drynke I ale n2 wyne  
 A good buffet on his head bare

For that shalbe his tyme  
and those that sell to Robyn lof  
He smote them wonder fare  
Thyfe Robyn shot a bout  
and euer he cleued the wande  
and so did good Gilbert  
with the lilly white hande  
Lytell John and good Scathelocke  
For nothing would they spare  
whan they sayled of the garland  
Robyn smote them full fare  
at the last shot that Robyn shot  
For all his frendes fare  
yet he sayled the garlande  
Whre syngers ant more  
than belpake good Gilberte  
and than he gan say  
Maister he said your takall is lost  
Standeforth and take your pay  
If it be so saide Robyn  
that may no better be  
Syn abbot I delyuer the mine arowe  
I pray the serue thou me  
It falleth not for mine order saide the  
Robyn by thy leue (kyng  
For to smite no good yeman  
For doubt I should him greue  
Synpte on holdly saide robin  
I geue the largely leue  
Anone our king with that worde  
He solded by his leue  
And such a buffet he geue Robyn







To ground ye yede full nere  
I make mine auow to god said robb  
thou art a tall frere  
Ther is pith in thine arme said robb  
I trowe thou can wel thote  
Thus our king and Robin hode  
together they gan mete  
Robyn behelde our comely kyng  
Stedfastly in the face  
So did sy? Richarde at the Lee  
and kneled downe in that place  
and so did all the wild outlawes  
whan they sawe them knele  
My lord the kyng of Englande  
Now I knowe you wele  
Mercy than sayd robin to our king  
Under this trusty tree  
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace  
for my men and for me  
and yet sayd good robin  
as good god do me saue  
I aske the mercy my lord the kyng  
and for my men I it craue  
yes for god sayd our kyng  
Thy petition I graunt the  
So þ thou wylt leue the grene woode  
and all thy company  
and come home to my courte  
There to dwell with me  
I make mine auowe to god sayd robin  
and ryght so shall it be  
I wyl come to your court

your seruyce for to le  
And byng with me of my men  
• Seuen score and thre  
But and I lyke not your seruyce  
I wyl come agayne full soone  
And shote at the diuine dere  
as I was wont to done

¶ The. viii. sytte kyng  
**H**ast þ any grene cloth said our  
That þ wylte now sell to me  
ye for god sayde Robyn  
Thyrty yerdes and thre  
Robyn sayd our kyng  
Now pray I the  
To sel to me some of that cloth  
To me and my meyny  
yes for good than said Robyn  
Or els I were a foole  
and other day ye wyl me cloth  
I trowe agaynll the yole  
the kyng cast of his cote than  
a grene garment he dyd on  
and ettery knight had so pwpys  
they clothed them full soone  
whan they were clothed in Lincoln  
they cast away ther gray (grene  
Now shal we to Notyngham  
all this our kyng can say  
the bent their bowes and forth they  
Shotidg all in fere (went  
toward the town of Notyngham  
Outlawes as they were





Our kyng & Robyn rode together:  
For soth and as I you say  
And all they shot plucke buffet  
As they wente by the way  
and many a buffet our kyng wan  
Of Robyn hode that daye  
and nothyng spared good Robin  
Our kyng whan he did pape  
So god me helpe sayd the kyng  
Thy game is nought to lere  
I thou'd not get a shote of the  
Though I shote all this vere  
All the people of Nottingham  
they rode and beheld  
they sawe nothyng but mantels of  
That couered all the felde grene  
than every man to the other ca say  
I drede our kyng be slone  
Come robyn hode to the towne wis  
On lyue he leueth not one  
Full hastely they began to fle  
Both yemen and knaues  
and olde wyues that might euill go  
Thei hypped on their staues  
The kyng lough ful fast  
and commaunded them to come agayne  
whan they sawe our comely kyng  
playe they were full fayne  
They ate and dranke and made them glad  
and songe with notes hye  
than bespake our comely kyng  
To sye Rycharde of the le

The game

He gaue him there his lande agayne  
A good man he had him be  
Robin hode thanked our comely king  
And set him on his knee  
Robi hode dwelleth in y<sup>e</sup> kinges court  
Both twelue monethes and three  
that he had spent an hundred pound  
and all his mennes fee  
In euery place where Robine came  
Euenmore he lay downe  
Bothe for knyghtes & squyers  
To get him a great renoune  
By than the yere was all gone  
He hadde no man but twayne  
Lytel John and good scathelocke  
wyth hym all for to gone  
Robin sawe yonge men hote  
Full fayre vpon a day  
alas than said good Robin  
My welthe is wend away  
Sometime I was an archer good  
a styffe and eke a stronge  
I was comended for the best archer  
That was in mery Englande  
alas than sayd good Robyn  
alas what shall I do  
If I dwell lenger with the kinge  
Sorrowe wyll me do  
Forth than went Robin hode  
Till he came to our king  
My lord the kyng of Englande  
Braunt me my askyng







I made a Chapell in Bernisdale  
That semely is to se  
It is of Mary Magdalene  
and there would I faene be  
I might no time this seuen nightes  
No time to slepe ne wyke  
Neyther all this seuen dayes  
No her eate nor drynke  
He longeth sore to Bernisdale  
I may not be ther fro  
Bare fote & wolward hane I hight  
thether for to go  
If it be so than sayd our kyng  
It may no beter be  
Seuen nyghtes I geue the leue  
No lenger to dwell fro me  
Gramercy lord than sayd Robyn  
and set him on his kne  
He toke his leue full curteously  
To grene wode than went he  
whan he came to grene wode  
In a mery mornynge  
There he harde the notes small  
Of byrdes mery syngynge  
It is farre gon sayd Robyn  
That I was last here  
I haue a lyttell lust for to hote  
at the doune dere  
Robyn slew a full great harte  
His horne than can he blowe  
that all the outlawes of that forrest  
that horne could they knowe

D. l.

and

And gadred them together  
In a lytell thowe  
Seuen score of myght yemen  
Came turning on a rowe  
and laye dyd of their hodes  
and set them on their knee  
welcome they sayde our maister  
Under the grene wood tre  
Robin dwelleth in grene wode  
twenty yeres and two  
than for drede of Edward our kyng  
Agayne would he not go  
yet he was begyled ywys  
throughe a wicked woman  
the pryoresse of kyzkelly  
that nye was of his kynne  
For the loue of a knight  
Syr Roger of Donkestre  
For euyl mot thou the  
they toke together their counsaill  
Robyn hode for to fle  
and howe thei might best do þe dede  
his banes for to be  
than bespake good Robyn  
In place where as he stode  
to morowe I must to kyzkelly  
Craftely to be letten bloude  
Syr Roger of Donkestre  
By the pryores helaye  
and there they betraied good Robi hode





Thou go in thine talle playe  
Christ haue mercy on his soule  
That dyed on the roode  
For he was a good outlawe  
And dyd poore men muche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of  
Robyn hode





of Robyn hode, betye  
proper to be played  
in Mayegames.

Robyn hode.

(all



Whan I stand yeforth my mery men  
and harke what I shall say -  
Of an adventure I shall you tell  
the which tefell this other day  
as I went by the hygh way with  
a floute frere I met  
and a quarter staffe in his hande  
Lyghtely to me he lept  
and styll he hade me stande  
There were stryppes two or thre  
But I can not tell who had the worse  
But well I wote the horeson lepte within me  
and from me he toke my purse  
Is there any of my mery men all  
That to that frere wyl go  
and byng him to me forth withall whether he  
(wyl or no

¶ Lytell John

yes mayster I make god allowe  
To that frere wyl I go  
and byng him to you whether he wyl or no

¶ Syer tucke  
Deus hic, deus hic, god be hcre

Is not





God saue all this compay  
But am not I aolly fyer  
For I can shote both farre and nere  
and handle the sworde and buckler  
and this quarter staffe also  
If I mete with a gentylman or yema  
I am not a frayde to loke hym vpon  
Nor holdly with him to carpe  
If he speake any wordes to me  
He shall haue strykes two or thre  
That shall make his body smarte  
But maister to shew you the matter  
Wherfore and why I am come hither  
In sayth I wyl not spare  
I am come to seke a good yeman  
In Bernisdale me sai is his habitacio  
His name is Robyn hode  
and if that he be better man than I  
His seruaunt wyl I be and serue him truly  
But if that I be better man than he  
By my truth my knaue shall he be  
and leade these dogges all thre

Robyn hode.

ycide the fyer in thy long cote

fyer tucke

I be hrew thy hart knaue, þ hurtell my throt

Robyn hode

I trowe fyer thou beginnest to dote  
who made the so malapert and so bolde  
To come into this forest here  
amonge my salowe dere

Robyn

fyer

Fryer.

Go louse the ragged knaue  
If thou make mani wordes I wil geue þ on þ  
Though I be but a poore fryer (eare  
To seke Robyn hode I am com here  
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lousy frer what wouldest thou w hym  
He neuer loued i ryer nor none of freiers kyn

Fryer.

Auaunt ye ragged knaue  
O ye shal haue on the skynne

Robyn hode.

O all the men in the morning þ art the worst  
To mete with the I haue no lust  
For he that meteth a frere or a for in þ morning  
To spede ell that day he standeth in ieopardy  
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deuil of hell  
Fryer I tell the as I thinke  
Then mete with a fryer or a for in a mornynge  
O I drynke

Fryer.

Auaunt thou ragged knaue this is but a mock  
If you make mti words you shal haue a knock  
Robyn hode

Harke frere what I say here  
Ouer this water thou shalt me bere  
The byrdege is bozge away

Fryer.

To say naye I wyll not  
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie & stn  
But vpon a fryers backe and haue euen in  
Robyn







Robynhode.

May haue ouer

frer.

Now am I frere Win ad thou Robi without  
Colay the here I hane nogreat doubt

Now art thou Robyn without, & I frere Win  
Lye ther knaue chole whether y wille synke or

Robynhode. (swm)

why thou lowly frere what hast thou donce

frer.

mary set a knaue ouer the shone

Robynhode

Therfore thou aby

frer

why wilt thou fyght a plucke

Robynhode.

and god send me good lucke.

frer.

Chan haue a stroke for frer tucke

Robynhode.

Holde thy hande frere and hereme speke

frer.

Saye on ragged knaue

me semeth ye begyn to swete

Robynhode.

In this forest I haue a hounde

I wyl not giue him for an hundreth pound

Geue me leue my horne to blowe

That my hounde may knowe

frer.

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubt

Untyll bothe thine eyes starte out

H.iiii.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in  
Clothed all in kendale grene  
And to the they take their way nowe

Robyn hode

Peradventure they do so

¶ Fryer.

I gaue the leue to blowe at thy wyll  
Now giue me leue to whiffell my spyll

¶ Robyn hode.

whiffell frere euyl mote thou face  
Un tyll bothe thyne eyes starte

¶ Fryer.

Now cut and haue

Bring forth the clubbes and staues  
And downe with those ragged knaues

Robyn hode.

How sayest thou frere wilt thou be my man

To do me the best seruyse thou can

Thou shalt haue both golde and fee

and also here is a Lady free

I wyll geue her vnto the

And her chapplayn I the make

To serue her for my sake

¶ Fryer

(ste

Here is an huckle duckletan inehaboue þ buc

she is a trul of trust, to serue a frier at his lust

a pycker appauncer a ferer of theses

a wagger of hallokes when other men sleepes

Go home ye knaues and lay crabbes in þ fyre

for my lady & I wil daunce in þ myre for veri

¶ Robyn hode

(pure ioye

Lyften to my mery men all

and harken what I shall say

De





that befell this other daye  
with a proude potter I met  
And arose garlande on his head  
the flour es of it shone maruaylous frethe  
this seuen yere & more he hath vsed this waye  
yet was he neuer so curterle a potter  
as one peny passage to paye  
Is there any of my mery men all  
That dare be so bolde  
to make y potter paie passage either siluer or

¶ Lettell John. (golde)

Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde  
for there is not among vs al one  
that dare medle with that potter man for mā  
I felt his handes not long agoe  
But I had leuer haue ben here by the  
Therefore I knowe what he is  
Mete him whē re wil or mete him whē ye shal  
He is as propre a man as euer you medle wal  
Robyn hode.

I will lat with the litel John .xx. pound so read  
If I wyth that potter mete  
I wil make him pay passage man gre his head

¶ Lettell John.

I consente therto so eate I bread  
If he pay passage man gre his head  
Twenti pound shall ye haue of me for your mede  
The potters boye I lacke  
Out alas that euer I sawe this daye

¶ A. l.

¶ Fc2



From Notygham towne

If I bye me not the faster

O I come there the maryet wel be done

Robyn hode

Let me se are the pottes hole and sounde

Jacke

yea maister but they will not breake the groude

Robyn hode

I wil the breke for þe cuckold thi maisters sake

And if they will not breake the grounde

thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound

Jacke

Out alas what hasteyd done

If my maister come he will breke your crowne

the potter

why thou horse son art thou here yet

thou shouldest haue bene at market

Jacke

I met with robin hode a good yeman

He hath broken my pottes

And called you cuckold by your name

The potter

Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me saue

But thou seemest a noughty knaue

Thou callest me cuckold by my name

and I sweare by God and saynt John

wyle had I neuer none

This cannot I denye

But if thou be a good felawe

I wil sel mi horse and harness pottes a paniers

Thou







If thou be not so content      (other  
Thou shalt haue stripes if þ were my brother

Robyn hode

Hark potter what I shall say  
this seuen yere and more þ hast vsed this way  
yet were thou neuer so curteous to me  
As one penny passage to paye

the potter

why should I paye passage to thee

Robyn hode

For I am Robyn hode chiefe gouernoure  
Under the grene woode tree

the potter.

this seuen yere haue I vsed this way by and  
yet payed I passage to no man      (downe  
Now now I wyll not begyne to do þ worst þ cā

Robyn hode.

passage shalt thou pai here vnder þ grene woode  
Or els thou shalt leue a wedded with me (tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the call

I aye awayne thy howe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hands

And se what shall befall

robin hode

Lyttle John where art thou

Lyttell

Here mayster I make god arowe

I tolde your mayster so god me saue

that you shoulde fynde the potter a knaue

holde

And I wyll fly by you stande  
Ready for to fyghte  
Be the knaue neuer so stoute  
I shall rappe him on the snoute  
And put hym to flyghte

Thus endeth the play of  
Robyn Hode

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